

Wolf Like Me

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Wolf Like Me

by [LeathernLaces](#)

Summary

Beth has always had a knack for surprising him. When she asks him to pick her up from the church on Halloween. When Beth hears a certain song on the radio on the way home, it changes the trajectory of their entire night in a way Daryl never would've expected.

Notes

OKAY.

So, this was meant to be an offering for Bethyl Halloween. Clearly I missed that due date by...a few days. No big deal, though! I decided to keep working on it because I genuinely liked the idea. So over the past few months I've written a bit here and there, but now that it's finished I sure as hell am not gonna wait until Halloween 2022 to post it.

Based off of one of my all time favorite songs by the same name: Wolf Like Me by TV On The Radio

It is an amazing song (and all the covers of it are just as good!) please give it a listen if you feel so inclined. I used it to set the tone for this entire oneshot.

As always it's not been beta'd and any mistakes are my own. I hope you enjoy it.

Here it is. In all it's glory. Whatever this is!

TRIGGER WARNING: Knifeplay

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

This wasn't somewhere ye had ever expected to be, if he was being honest with himself. Sitting in the church parking lot that is. In his defense he had a good reason, he was waiting.

Every year their sleepy little town went all out during the holidays. Every single one of them. Seemed to him there was always a parade or festival. Tonight happened to be Halloween. Entirety of main street was lit up and decorated in hues of green, purple, and orange. Decorations and lights took over every available surface. Shopkeepers did up the window displays and set up candy stations outside for the kids, everyone took part. From the township office to the police station - even the church.

It's funny, he never would've thought the two would go together. Churches and Halloween. He knew some liked to try and scare people towards the lord; taking advantage of the night to push the gospel and unsuspecting patrons out of their comfort zone. He never liked that much at all. Granted - he'd never been one to really partake in any of that gospel.

This one was different. Or so he'd been told. He felt inclined to agree, everyone working the table from deacons to the pastor dressed up; and the bags they were handing out? Full of candy, glow sticks, and an assortment of other little trinkets to occupy the masses of kids who swept through town. He would know. He'd gotten to put together a couple hundred of those little plastic pumpkins over the course of the week. Not a message on site, hell he never would've guessed a church would be putting anything one if it weren't for the fact that they were set up in front of the damn place. Seemed right; let people enjoy shit without bringing other things (like religion) into it.

"Daryl! That you?"

He'd been hoping to avoid detection, but it was later in the night now. Not so many people roaming around.

"No costume tonight?" The voice belonged to the pastor. Jim, or something like that. Tall, somber looking guy."

He reluctantly rolled the window down, taking in the sight of the lanky man who looked like a mummy. He had to hand it to him, he'd gone all in. All bandaged up save for the odd spot

in his face so he could see, and of course speak. Still he couldn't help but look past him. "Ain't one for dressin' up."

Jim lets out a laugh. "I hear you. This wasn't my idea, for the record. Wife insisted, and the kids did too. I lost the vote." He says with a wry smile. "Just wanted to say thank you, for helping put together all those goodie bags for the kids. Beth told me you two had to go all the way into the city to get some stuff." There's a pause as he begins to tug at the various strips of linen adorning him. His hand disappears behind his back for a moment, and reappears with a wallet. "Here, I insist." Jim pulls out a couple of bills.

Daryl blinks. There's the good preacher standing there and offering him money? Doesn't seem right for a couple reasons. "I can't take no for an answer - you went out of your way to help us out." He's not sure if it's his deer in the headlights look, or the fact he's not moved so much as an inch to take the bills from the preacher's outstretched hand but the man seems to pick up on the fact that he's not gonna take the money willingly. When he leans in, Daryl jerks back - face flushing as preacher Jim places the money on the dashboard.

Somewhere, in the world beyond their bubble he can hear Beth. "Have a good night, you two!" He's got no idea who she's talking to, he can't even see her yet but that doesn't matter. His eyes fix on the point her voice seemed to flow from. He straightens up in his seat. Money, the preacher, and the awkwardness forgotten.

He's searching for her. Scanning every person who crosses into his line of sight. He's not sure where she is; or rather who she is. See when they'd gone to the city to pick up supplies for the candy bags he'd sat in the truck. She'd been in there forever. He'd wondered how the hell it took her so long to find party favors. Turns out, the trick or treat baskets hadn't been the only thing on the shopping list. She'd returned with a few bags, and a small stack of boxes. Wrapped boxes and a Cheshire grin pasted on her face.

"What're those?" It was a fair question. Cos as far as he knew, they were just there for candy. A thought sprang to mind that caused him to pale. She wouldn't - would she?

"Those ain't...you didn't get me a costume, did you? I'm not--"

Her laugh cuts him off before he can even start the rant. "No, silly. I mean it's...it's not for you."

His eyes narrow as she settles back into the passenger's seat with the boxes stacked neatly on top of her lap. Somehow, he finds it hard to believe her.

It's a costume of some sort. That much he puts together. If she talks about it, the odd time she's not quick enough to dismiss it, she just says it's a surprise. He's never really been one for surprises.

That was two weeks ago. The more cloak and dagger she got about it, the more curious it made him.

He's not sure what to expect, honestly. He'd picture her like one of those princesses in those movies she'd made him watch. Maybe Rapunzel. Or an Angel, though she'd be far too modest to ever don a halo or a pair of wings. She didn't even need to dress up, could've gone as herself for the same effect.

"Y'know I don't know what we'd do without the Greene's. They're good folks."

Daryl nods dumbly. He's not about to dispute it and to be honest he's a bit too preoccupied. Eyes fixed on a flurry of red making its way towards the truck. When the figure steps underneath one of the lot lights, they shine. They're wearing a long red cloak, made of velvet or something he thinks. Hood drawn, a basket hanging at the crook of their arm. He swallows. Suddenly, for a late October night it feels a little too hot.

"I was just tellin' Daryl here how lucky we are to have you." Jim pipes up. Daryl's not sure if he said anything else, whether he'd continued talking or if he had stopped. All he can see is her.

Now there's not really a goddamn thing about the costume that's indecent. The skirt is just long enough, chunky platform heels just tall enough, technically she's more covered than not. Not that it matters. Girl could wear a potato sack or a garbage bag and his jaw would still drop. It's all of it together. The way her hair, normally braided, is falling in waves over her shoulders. The corset she's got over top of the dress cinching up her waist in a way that makes his heart skip a beat. The deep red of the cloak and skirt, the pristine white of the long

flowing top. The shine of the corset. The stockings, the look on her face. That fucking grin. She knows it. Knows what she's done.

She's done it on purpose. This is what she's been hiding from him for two weeks. Little Red Riding Hood.

"Well, thank you again - both of you." When Jim speaks again he almost jumps out of his skin.

"Happy to help." Beth sing-songs as she rounds the front of the truck, effortlessly hopping into the passenger's seat. "See you on Sunday!"

Amazingly, and thankfully the mummified preacher takes that as his cue to go, giving them a small wave before walking away. He doesn't move, he's not sure he can. He's just...looking at her. She just sits there, smiling like a cat that got the canary. He gets it now. What is she always calling him; when he gets sour about her teasing him with 'old man' ?

Big bad wolf.

He swallows hard. She's shifted focus, fiddling with the radio dials the same way she always does. Like she's not sitting there being the most amazing thing he's ever seen in his life. "It's uh..." he shifts uncomfortably in his seat, turning the key in the ignition. "You look good." Fuck, good doesn't even cover it.

"Aw, you're sweet. So you like it?" Beth says as she settles back against the seat. He flushes. Jesus Christ, of course he does. In what universe wouldn't he? He steals a look at her. She's still grinning. He doesn't have the words. Wouldn't be the first time, wouldn't be the last. "Can we take the long way?"

They both gotta work in the morning but he's never refused her a thing yet. He's not about to refuse this. Plus, he knows their drive is gonna end up at the farm. She hasn't stayed the night yet - despite her threats. He wasn't sure he was ready for that, it seemed like a lot. She never pushed the issue. She was good like that. Good at knowing his boundaries, when to push and when to leave well enough alone.

Still they did plenty together, not sharing a bed wasn't a nail in the coffin. As she'd told him once, after a few too many wine coolers - they didn't need the bed anyways. To which he'd snorted, but he guessed it was kinda true. They could be anywhere, doing anything, and it would still be the best time in his books.

Like she usually does, Beth falls into sync with the radio. Crooning along to a song that he's pretty sure came out before she was born.

"Oh I, I just died in your arms tonight."

He steals looks at her as they make their way out of town. As much as he safely can, he takes her in. It's a fight to keep both hands on the wheel. His fingers are itching to touch, desperate to explore. There's not a single part of her that doesn't look inviting right now. He reminds himself that again, she's done this on purpose. The costume is as much something she's done for him as much as it is something she's doing to him and she damn well knows it. Something he stores in his mind for later, to break out on a rainy day.

Every so often her hand drifts over, brushing on his knee. Which is dangerously distracting and the first time she does it there's a small growl prickling in the back of his throat. She's playing with him. Ain't fair, he's a captive audience. Nobody takes these back roads, still there's wildlife and all sorts of shit that he could run down cos he's too busy focusing on just how close in proximity her hand is to his dick.

To her credit, she doesn't do a lot of it. Just enough to drive him crazy, not enough to push him over the edge.

They're on a one lane dirt road, forest on either side as far the eye can see. They aren't lost by any stretch. He knows the roads and the woods like the back of his hand. He has half a mind to stop. To kill time, so she doesn't have to leave so soon. The farm isn't that far, it'll be time before she knows it. Time before he's okay with calling it.

Beth straightens up in the passenger's seat as the DJ on the radio announces that he's gotten loads of requests for this particular song. Says it's no wonder, claiming it's the best werewolf song hands down. Which, to his ears, sounds ridiculous. What does that even mean?

Well it means fuck all to him.

Beth though...it means something to Beth.

Her hand shoots for the dial, cranking the volume up enough for him to toss her a glare. A flare which falls flat and misses its mark because as much as he hates loud noises, he likes her more.

“Say, say, my playmate

Won't you lay hands on me?”

“Stop the truck!” There’s an urgency in her voice that catches him off guard.

“What the hell, Beth?” He grumbles, because that’s what he does. He grumbles and moans but it’s all for show.

She’s shedding her seatbelt and forcing his boot down on the brakes. The truck comes to an abrupt halt but that does nothing to deter her.

“Got a curse I cannot lift

Shines when the sunset shifts

When the moon is round and full

Gotta bust that box, gotta gut that fish”

She’s not singing. Which is weird. Weirder still, the fact that she’s pushing the door open like she’s in a hurry. Beth abandons the basket on the seat and before he can open his mouth, she takes off flying, cloak billowing in the breeze after her.

What in the fuck?

“Beth!” He barks. He hears a laugh, or thinks he does. His hand reaches for the volume but pauses. Something about the song. He’s not sure if he’s heard it before, maybe he has. Beth’s always singing or listening to the radio, it’s entirely possible. It’s familiar in a way he doesn’t really get. Each beat ripples through his body.

“But I bet we wouldn't get too far

Before the transformation takes

And blood lust tanks and

Crave gets slaked”

He watches the tree line, but there’s no sign of her. It’s dark out and she’s wearing those shoes, Christ did she have a light? Sure the moon was out but she’d taken off into the forest.

He throws open his door, begrudgingly hauling himself from his seat. She was gonna twist her fuckin’ ankle or something. He had to go after her.

It’s almost as if she knows. He wonders if somehow she can see him; he sure as hell can’t see her.

“Daryl! Come find me!”

Trucks still running, songs still playing. Picking away at something in him as it’s his turn to break into a run. She can’t have gone far, with those shoes? Not possible. She had every disadvantage. A few hunting trips and lessons with him weren’t enough to map out every inch of woods.

She didn’t move with ease through the trees and brush, her elegance didn’t quite extend to how she handled herself in the forest. She’d never had to learn. Unlike him, he’d been born in

and almost fuckin' raised by them. So it's a bit odd that she's far enough ahead of him to be out of his sight.

She's making him work. His heart speeds up to match his pace. How the hell was she doing it? He could hear her moving, she wasn't exactly trying to be quite. Tell tale rustling of bushes and snapping of twigs giving plenty of indication as to what way he oughta go.

Even if she was silent; he's fairly confident he could find her. It's fuckin' weird but there's this perfume she wears. Reminds him of summer. Vanilla and coconut, something like that. He'd know it anywhere and Christ, he could smell it now. Didn't make sense, unless she was spraying it as she ran, and he hadn't seen a bottle. Still, he could smell it. Smell *her*. It was all he could think about.

That smell, the familiarity of it. What it meant.

"My mind has changed

My body's frame, but, God, I like it

My heart's aflame

My body's strained, but, God, I like it"

He can still hear the music. Daryl comes to a halt. It's a lightning bolt moment. If he had been a comic book character or something a light bulb would've been flashing over his head. Christ, he was stupid sometimes.

The song. The outfit, and the fucking song. It was a game. A fucking game. Red Riding Hood and the fucking wolf.

Jesus Christ, she wanted him to hunt her down.

It's with renewed effort that he pushes through the brush. There's a creek not far up ahead and he's confident she's still going straight. She's gotta stop at some point and when she does -

well he's not gonna let her win.

He was born for this. Made for this.

It's too soon that he comes towards a small clearing. Music just loud enough, his pulse thrumming in time with the beat. Blood threatens to drown everything out. He slows. Fuck he doesn't just slow, he crouches. He's careful to make sure the brush is hiding him. That and the darkness. Because he's found her.

Standing still, illuminated by a beam of moonlight that's almost too perfectly placed. It takes a second for him to realize that she had stopped because she hadn't anticipated the creek. She wasn't sure which way to go. She was caught.

His breath hitches in his chest. *Caught*. What would she do if he emerged? Maybe she would try to run, but he was faster. He only needed to catch up and that he had done. There was no way she was getting away. He was stronger, too. A lot stronger. She wouldn't go anywhere.

He can't help but notice how fucking right it feels. This. The game. How he doesn't hate the fact that he's chasing some girl blindly through the woods. Quite the opposite in fact. A hand idly drops to his belt, then lower. He hisses. Hard as a fucking rock. Of course he is. Why wouldn't he be?

Playing this game.

They're far enough from town, so it wasn't likely anyone would stumble across them. Sure he'd left the car running but somehow, the music had only spurred him on. He'd bitch about the price of gas tomorrow. This was worth it.

Her there, oblivious, powerless. Because she was - wasn't she? He could do anything to her. Anything he wanted. Fuck, he could punish her for making him play the game. The possibilities were endless.

Daryl considered jumping out. He could grab her, maybe catch her off guard. He liked making her jump. She was cute when she was startled. But no, that wasn't enough. He can't help but wonder if she knows he's there, just watching her. Beth was a smart girl, and being out at night had a way of making people hyper vigilant. If she knew, it wasn't plainly obvious.

If his thoughts in the church parking lot has been bad, and the ones on the drive worse - well it was safe to say if there was an afterlife he would be going to hell. It was worth it though in his mind. A fair trade. An eternity of torment in exchange for this moment.

Makes him feel like a bad man. Bad something, not even a man really. He doesn't know what the hell he is because she; she turns him inside out. Changes him. A little bit every day, he figures he'll keep changing so long as Beth Greene's around. For better or worse.

"Shouldn't have run off like that, girl." He draws himself to his full height but he doesn't emerge from his place in the shadows. Side steps out of her line of sight when she hears the sound of his voice. "Pretty thing like you could wind up in all sorts of trouble." Fuck, he barely recognizes his own voice. It's low, there's a cool edge to it. She turns, he shifts to deny her a look. She had wanted to play, so they were gonna fucking play.

"All sorts of bad things out here after dark."

"Like you?" Beth poses the question to the darkness around her. Defiant as anything. Tough sounding. Makes him smirk.

He's not sure how much of it is the game and how much of it was true. He considers the question for a minute. When all this started, if you had asked him he'd have said point blank that he ain't any good. A roughneck son of a bitch who didn't get a proper raising, barely got a proper education. Wasn't good for anything beyond fixing shit and hunting. Definitely wasn't good for her.

He'd tried to tell her. He wasn't any good. He'd fucking wreck her some way, somehow without even trying. Beth didn't so much as blink. Made it her mission from then on out to prove him wrong.

He doesn't answer.

There's other ways she's changed him, too. Daryl can't remember ever needing somebody before. He wasn't a man without urges, but he was a man who was good at ignoring them.

How far could he push her? He doesn't even feel bad for wondering. It's her own fault. Since they started this thing, it seemed she spent every spare moment telling him that it was okay. Reassuring him that he wasn't fuckin' it up, or scaring her off. Everything he did was inexplicably okay. Should it have? Probably not? But Beth let everything slide.

"Baby doll, I recognize

You're a hideous thing inside"

His hand slips to his belt, calloused fingers finding purchase on the worn hilt of his hunting knife. "I'm not afraid of you." In the small clearing Beth crosses her arms, a symbol of fiancé.

She should be, he thinks to himself. The things he's seen, what he's capable of. He's not some indoor cat no matter how much time they might spend curled up between four walls together. Where Beth is soft edges and light - he is something else.

Seems like she should be scared of him and he can't for the life of him figure out why she ain't.

He leaves the safety of the bushes, knife gripped at his side. Careful and quietly as he can, he slinks up to her until he's so close he could touch her. To her credit, she doesn't turn on him but stays perfectly still. The cloak obscures everything from behind. He smirks as he leans in. "Maybe you should be." The words are a hoarse whisper against her ear. He can see her shiver when he speaks.

She's always been oddly transfixed by the knife. It hadn't gone unnoticed how she'd watch him with rapt attention when he'd clean it or sharpen it. He'd never mentioned it - sure he'd ask what she was looking at once and awhile but beyond that he didn't push. Didn't seem...

right. Like it wasn't any of his damn business. He'd talked about getting her one of her own for when they went on one of their little hunting trips or fishing, but she'd been quick to turn him down. Claimin' she was just fine with using his instead.

They'd never done anything like this before. A belt yes, with her full consent but a blade? Not once. Not ever. Never occurred to him before.

He reaches for her with the free hand, grabbing at her waist. She lets out a gasp that he's not entirely sure is faked. Maybe she hadn't thought this far ahead. Wouldn't that be something? Beating her at her own game.

The tip of the knife slides upwards in the space between them. The blade meets the velvet rope that's tying together the front of her little corset. For a split second he wonders how much it set her back. It didn't exactly look cheap. Then again what did when Beth put it on?

It could be quick. The blade is sharp and he's cut through thicker with ease. Flesh and bone the corset was not. Still, he tells himself to show some restraint. They had all night, he could take it one line at a time.

He can feel the breath catch in her chest when he jerks the blade up. One at a time. He's pleased to see the velvet put up a little fight, it comes apart with ease just the way he thought it would. Neither move for a moment. His heart is hammering in his chest as he searches her eyes.

She looks surprised. That makes him smirk. He'd caught her off guard. It was tempting to take care of the rest in one swift motion but as badly as he wanted to - he couldn't bring himself to do it.

"Gonna give you one chance, girl." He growls. This is her out. All she's gotta do is say the word or pull away and he'll forget it. They can go back to being Daryl and Beth - they could closet whatever it was they were playing at. "Gonna be smart enough to take it?"

Part of him wants her to. That part that still says he's a no good fuck up. That he shouldn't even be allowed to breathe the same air as her. What if she doesn't like it and is going along

with it just for him?

Beth doesn't so much as flinch. If there's one thing he knew about her it was that without a doubt if someone was happening that she didn't like - she'd make her opinion heard. The silence is his answer. At least, that gives him the go ahead.

The rest of the corset comes apart quickly and falls dramatically to the ground at their feet. "Really ain't gonna say anything?" He questions, bowing his head to marvel at his handy work. The silence kills him just a little. It's defiance, he thinks. She knows he likes to hear her talk. Especially when things get going the way they're going now. Likes to hear her reassure him, hell praise him. Always sends a shiver down his spine when he hears her call him a good boy.

There's still the issue of the rest of her dress. The knife returns to its previous position but this time, his hand moves forward and not upwards. The tip meets the slightest resistance of cotton and flesh. Not enough to pierce the fabric or even hurt. Just enough to draw attention to it.

Does she have a change of clothes? If he takes this thing off how he wants, she's gonna be going back in the cloak and nothing else. She'd get cold, probably. Girl was always cold.

"Just gonna stand there all night?"

The bad guy persona that's taken over him falters for an instant. He almost jumps out of his own goddamn skin. He hadn't been expecting her to say a thing, let alone that. Who the fuck would say something like that?

Her own new role as prey is momentarily shaken. He doesn't miss that look in her eyes. "Too late for talkin' now." Daryl grunts. The knife moves on its own accord, tracing an invisible path from the band of her skirt up to the valley between her breasts. She squirms a little, but rather than admonish her his fingers dig into her where they've settled on her hips. Wasn't the time for that.

It is painfully obvious that she'd forgotten a bra. It's about the same time as he sees her nipples stiff and teasing at the front of the dress when he also notices the fucking ache in his groin. He's not sure at one point he'd actually gotten hard - he'd been a bit fucking too

distracted to check in on the status of his dick but it was getting a bit difficult to ignore now. There was a real chance if someone didn't do something soon, he'd cum right fucking there in his fucking jeans.

Which she'd probably like now that he was fucking thinking about it. She'd probably think she won.

She didn't get to win.

There's always been something about them. It was stupid and probably bullshit but sometimes, he felt like there were connected on some other fucking level. Case in point; as he stood there considering the current state of his dick, she was reaching for it. Finger's just about brushed him before he snatched them up. In the same motion the blade found itself pressed to the smooth milky expanse of her throat. A movement that catches them both off guard.

He's shitting himself inside. Fuck, the words *'I'm so sorry'* are on his lips and they damn near come out. She doesn't let him get the chance. If he'd caught her off guard it's only momentary. He can feel pain shoot through his scalp as she wraps her fingers in the hair at the back of his head, nails digging into the skin. She's careful. Doesn't tell him to move the knife and she doesn't go to him. She brings his mouth to hers.

There's nothing dainty or sweet about the kiss. Doesn't even feel like a kiss so much as it does a claim. She is teeth and warmth and tongue and he is seconds from coming undone. The knife falls from her throat and he's seconds from dropping it when he feels the weight vanish from his hands. Her teeth tug at his bottom lip before she pulls his head back. It's strong enough to make him sway. The doe eyed deer that had been there moments before is gone now.

"Did you think it was gonna be that easy?" Beth asks. Fuck - she's mocking him? "I want a better look at you." To emphasize her point she pulls on his hair and he hisses. "Kneel."

Holy fuck.

He blinks, stunned. Had she just - was she being serious? That connection that seemed to come and go must have been intact because she presses the blade to *his* throat now. Just the way he had hers.

He's never been the smartest man but he knows enough to know that if someone's got a knife to your throat, you do what they want. Still he can't help but bristle as he kneels. He wasn't supposed to be in this position. He was bigger, stronger. Didn't make a lick of sense.

Then again what about them ever really did?

So he kneels. It's pretty dramatic, he just drops. She's kind enough to remove the blade just long enough for him to get situated before he feels the unfamiliar kiss of cool steel at his throat once more. "Don't think you know what you're doing, girl." Daryl's voice is thick, hoarse. A dramatic shift from what it had been when he'd had the upper hand.

She laughs. She laughs at him and he almost dies right then and there. "You gonna stop me?"

Wasn't that the million dollar question? She'd never hurt him, not on purpose. He was careful with her, sure, but she was even more cautious with him. She could always one up him in one sort of scenario.

Sex hadn't always been a pressing concern for him. He hadn't exactly been a virgin when they'd met but he might as well have been. Sure sometimes he'd get turned on. He was human after all. Just...he took care of it the same way he washed his clothes or showered. Necessary evil, did it because it sorta improved his quality of life just a little. It had been more a passing thought or chore before her. Something he did because he couldn't always just magically will an inconvenient hard on away. Now it was something else entirely. With Beth, it was a revelation. She didn't reduce him to a horny schoolboy all the time or anything but she'd taught him to enjoy it. It could be more than a quick way to get the fuck to sleep, it could be nice. It could be fan-fucking-tastic.

"Was planning on teaching you a lesson." Indignant as ever.

"Oh? How did that work out for you?"

She's grinning like the goddamn cheshire cat. It's the first time it hits him - she's enjoying it as much as he had.

Suddenly she's gone. Not gone-gone, just she'd moved. No more knives, no more fingers tangled in his hair. There's a good arms length between them now and it takes a second for him to realize the whimper sounding in his ear is coming from him.

This pleases her. He doesn't move. Suddenly he's very aware of the fact that she could run again. He might be able to snatch her up, but she could high-tail it back to the truck if she so chose. Leave him out there kneelin' in the dirt.

"Uncomfortable?" She asks, twirling the hunting knife idly in her hands. At first he's thinking she's talking about the fact that she's got him on his knees. Forest ain't ever hurt him any, not really. He's the one who slept without a slip of foam on their side of the tent when they went camping. She's the one who's all skin and bones. It's only when he realizes she's not looking him in the eye when it clicks.

Oh. *That*.

The girl's not even trying to hide that she's staring at his dick. His cheeks grow impossibly hot underneath the weight of her gaze. Her tongue grazes her lower lip. "Get it out then."

This is new. This is uncharted territory. She's never given him orders like this. She'll tell him what feels good or what she likes but this?

It's a relief honestly. It was, in fact, uncomfortable. Jeans weren't meant for this shit. Only so much straining against a zipper one man can take after all. Even him. Beth watches silently, walking a slow circle around him as he fumbles with his belt. He's as hard as he's ever been. She likes watching him. It was fucking weird at first, in the beginning when he'd been too awkward and needed leading every time. Some night's she'd just been content with sitting behind him, cheek pressed against the scars on his back while her fingers traced small, lazy circles on his thigh. That had been most of what she'd done save for the whispers of encouragement or small hums of approval.

It's not exactly the same. She's making a pointed effort to stay out of reach, and they're in the middle of the fuckin' woods. Not that he hadn't ever rubbed one out while on a hunting trip before but this was...this was decidedly different than any off that had ever been.

The urge to let his eyes fall shut and enjoy the feeling of his hands working over his cock is intense -but some part of his brain warns him against it. Enjoy the feeling, but don't close your eyes for a second. It takes him a tick to realize why. Prey mind. Beth circled around him like a vulture. A threat? Not really, yet at the same time she is the alpha, the predator, and the whole of his fucking universe.

He's not sure how long he's doing it, or how long she's watching him. Fuck - he would give anything to touch her. To be able to bury his head into the warmth of her stomach and breathe her in. To lose himself that way he's so fucking good at.

A soft whimper passes across his lips. He's getting closer now. She has to have heard it because she comes to a full stop right in front of him. "Don't you dare." Beth hisses. Daryl freezes up, he can't help it with how her eyes are boring into him. "Not 'til I say."

He waits, shivering under her gaze. She's thinking, he can tell. Her teeth gnaw lightly on her bottom lip. She almost looks conflicted. What she has to be all confused about he has no goddamn idea.

The hand that isn't clutching a knife nudges his shoulder and he looks up at her in the darkness. "Lay back." He hears the order but doesn't follow it through at first. It's not exactly hesitatnion on his part, because it's clearly something she wants him to follow through on - it's just this entire fucking thing has reduced his brain to a puddle of sludge. He's still barely processed the fact that this is happening at all.

Thinking he was in need of encouragement, Beth carefully lifts the knife until the tip of the blade is pressed underneath his chin just so. Resting on the cool steel, he can't help but shudder. He moves, awkwardly, from his kneeling position to laying flat on his back. He notices the knife fall to the dirt but that's the last thing he can see.

He doesn't go blind, but he may as well have. Suddenly all he can see is *her*. Beth descends on him almost too quickly. She's eager, he thinks. She hovers over him for a second, he can feel the soft edges of her skirt brush over him and lets out a string of quiet curses. Daryl can't do anything but pant like a bitch in heat as her fingers wrap around him.

She is dripping wet. He's not sure why, or how it comes as a surprise every time but it does. Someone like her being turned on by someone like him?

There's no more foreplay. Not that either of them need it. Ever a woman who knew what she wanted, Beth sinks down onto him. Daryl watches her with rapt attention. The way her breath hitches in her chest, the low sigh she lets out. Feels like forever that they're frozen just like that. Cock buried in her, her finger tips dragging over the worn leather off his vest. It's almost perfect. Almost. The only thing that would make it better was if he could touch her. To his credit he does try, it's a feeble and half assed attempt which Beth is quick to redirect. It's with firm hands that she pins his wrists to the ground and then, she fucking growls. It's some sort of warning he thinks. Her nails dig into his flesh just so. Yes, he decides. Definitely a warning.

It's fucking cruel that she won't let him touch her. That's...that's just what he does. When they're together, they're all but attached at the hip. Sex had never been any different. The closer the better. Hadn't been many times before he'd ever craved that, a simple touch. Wasn't the only thing she had changed about him when she'd stormed into his life.

He doesn't get to dwell on the whirlwind of Beth Greene and her entry into his life long. When she begins to rock her hips the world around them fractures just a little. Then more, and more until she finds just the right pace.

He's good. Maybe better than he's ever been. He arches his back and thrusts to meet her. It's as amazing as it is torturous. "Fuck, Beth-" His eyelids flutter. Fuck, he's not gonna last. Which was a problem because as far as he could recall - she hadn't told him he could come yet. "*Beth*." The sound of her name mingles with her soft moans. He can see the way her face and neck are rosy red now. Her head back, exposing her pale neck. He's never seen anything more beautiful than her in his life.

With each thrust the temptation to start begging grows more and more intense. She wouldn't be mad, he doesn't think. Not really. Still it was probably best not to risk it. "Beth, *please*."

She's won. Fully and completely. The fingers that had been dug into his wrist grow softer, pulling him up. He doesn't waste a fucking second as she drapes her arms over his shoulders. She's smiling now, not even trying to hide it.

Daryl moves quickly and purposely, lest she decide to rescind her good graces. An arm wrapped around her waist to keep her good and close, the other diving beneath the frilly skirts. The sound she makes when his thumb brushes over her clit is almost enough to send him over the edge. Their movements are more frantic now, almost desperate. Clinging to each other like if they were to let go, they might vanish from the face of the earth entirely. Like the other was their single tether to the world.

It's a sound he chases. One he could listen to forever. She's always telling him how good he is with his hands. Hearing her purrs and cries of approval is almost more powerful than any drug or drink he'd fucked around with in the time before her.

"Daryl?" Hearing her say his name sends shivers to his very core. Her lips, which had been busy pressing ghost's of kisses along his jaw and throat, brush against his forehead. *"Come for me."*

All of the sudden nothing else matters. Everything falls away, and the world truly and finally comes undone. It happens fast, the cry that leaps from his throat. He can barely hear it over the sound of her heartbeat pounding in her chest. Her fingers rake through his hair and she's holding him as he shudders. Keeping him together in a way he can't do for himself.

He's barely aware of much else outside of her. There is one thought that cuts through the post orgasm haze.

She won. Just like she always did.

Beth Greene was a predator indeed.

End Notes

I haven't written anything even remotely smutty since 2019. It's been a minute. I genuinely love this oneshot though, as much of a production as it was to finish it. I hope you guys will have enjoyed it, too. I would absolutely adore and appreciate feedback on this! So if you get the chance and feel so inclined please leave me a review! :)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!